

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1878.

The Week.

THE Republican Convention of this State held its meeting duly on the 26th ult., at Saratoga. As there was only one nomination, that of judge of the Court of Appeals, to make, the formal business was soon done, and the Convention went to work at its real object, which was to enable Senator Conkling to break the silence about the currency which he has so long maintained, and make a hard-money speech, and in so doing to restore "harmony in the party." All the reports agree in pronouncing the Convention the most "harmonious" that has ever met on our soil. The *Times* declares that there was so much harmony that at one time "there seemed to be something in the air which made children of strong men. Many of the delegates were affected to tears." Things being in this condition, Mr. Conkling was "conducted to the stage" in his new character of a harmonious man, and made a speech that made "strong men" cry again. Mr. G. W. Curtis applauded him, and even "Geo. H. Foster had not a word to say against him." The speech was carefully prepared, and showed the improvement in the finances effected by the Republican party, the folly of inflation, and the respectability of bondholding; maintained the fitness of the Republican party to dispose of all the problems arising out of the war, and then castigated the Democrats. In fact the peroration was a wave of the "bloody shirt," showing that there is danger that the country will, after the next election, pass under the domination of the late enemies of the Government, and that the negroes are prevented from voting by tricks and intimidation. The rhetoric here was the kind in which these subjects are usually discussed. The Chisholm murders were represented as consequences of the overthrow of the Republican party in the State of Mississippi, and the patience of the American people, "when the blood of the Chisholms and others sickens humanity," was contrasted unfavorably by the Senator with the fury into which "pagan Rome" was thrown by the death of Virginia. Resistance of the South Carolina whiskey-distillers to the revenue officers he styled "open defiance to the power of the nation." He then rebuked the persons, whoever they are, "who are trying to divert the attention of the Republicans of New York from the questions which now urge themselves upon us," and sat down amid general harmony.

The platform pledged the faith of the nation to the payment of the public debt; called for resumption on the appointed day; advocated hard money; approved of the decision of the Electoral Commission two years ago; warned the people against the "horde of claims and raids on the Treasury" which the Democrats would probably set on foot; demanded "free and unintimidated elections," and proposed that the Republican party should work until they were obtained; acknowledged the existence of many patriotic Democrats, but denounced the party in general as a "constant disturber," "a wanton foe," "a persistent assaulter," "a false pretender," "a cripple of the army," "an aggravator of troubles," and "a chief support" of inflation and financial disorder, and recommended that it should have no more offices or power.

As an argument on finance Mr. Conkling's speech amounted to very little, but it had its value as showing that he and his supporters are convinced that the financial question is the question of the day, and, taken in connection with the addresses Messrs. Garfield and Blaine have been delivering, both really powerful and making no mention whatever of the "bloody shirt," it must be admitted that the Maine election was not a bad thing, for it has wrought all these wonders. There never was a more shocking blow given to a

false issue than the repudiation of the Southern question by Mr. Blaine's own State, and the relegation of Mr. Eugene Hale to private life.

The New York Democratic Convention at Syracuse was perhaps the noisiest, most rowdy, ill-natured, and riotous body of men which ever represented the ruling party of a great commonwealth. The delegates came together as Tammany and anti-Tammany men, and the contest was from the first a lively one. The main question was which of the New York and Brooklyn delegations, Tammany or anti-Tammany, should be admitted to the Convention, and the first issue was whether the Tammany delegates who were on the floor should have a vote in the preliminary proceedings, particularly the appointment of the Committee upon Contested Seats. By a ruling of the chair that delegates could vote until unseated Tammany won, and thus obtained the deciding voice as to its own claim to be representative of New York Democracy. The Committee, although Tammany had a clear majority in it, refused seats to the contesting delegations in all cases, thus admitting some Tilden men. Bad blood had been bred by the long fray, in one part of which the police had to interfere to prevent a downright fight, and the chairman was denounced at a private meeting of the Tilden men, and the secretaries called "thieves" and accused of "cheating in the count." On renewal of the conflict Tammany secured the State Committee, but fearful that its majority would prove untrustworthy, it attempted to place the matter beyond doubt by adding delegates at large; but this attempt to capture the Committee was too palpable to be successful. Tammany also failed to win the nomination for the judgeship of the Court of Appeals, and thus the corrupt bargain of the St. Lawrence County delegates, who gave their votes to Tammany in exchange for Tammany's support of Judge Sawyer, was futile. On the whole, although every faction is disappointed and furiously angry, Kelly obtained the victory, but the question which party really controls the State Committee is undecided, since both parties seem to admit that the largest bribes will carry the day. The platform was not noticeable for strength or directness of statement, and Tammany yielded in the beginning an endorsement of Gov. Robinson.

The Massachusetts Democrats who fled from Worcester to the protection of Faneuil Hall, in order to protest against the pretensions of Butler to represent them, by the aid of empty galleries and a strong cordon of police succeeded in their efforts with a harmony that has been of late a stranger in the Democratic house. Fear of Butler was the one thing which the convention represented. Its chairman spent an entire hour in vigorous denunciation of him; its only excitement was when a known supporter of him was denied speech and hustled out by the police. Its platform, with its declarations of fidelity to the interests of labor, its cries against monopolies and its call for retrenchment, was almost pathetic in its attempt to win votes for which Butler bids so much higher. Finally, its nomination of Judge Abbott and his associates on the ticket is a device to maintain the organization of the party, that the prodigals may return to it when their present wanderings are over. But now that the respectable Democrats have asserted the dignity of the party and the consistency of its principles, and have gone home, what will they do about it? The *Boston Post*, with its customary liveliness, calls loudly to the Republicans to vote for Abbott as the only certain way to avoid the disgrace of Butler. We hope this may be interpreted by contraries to mean that the respectable Democrats are likely to prefer the dignity and consistency of the State to that of the party, and that they do not feel free to throw away their votes merely for the sake of showing that Butler did not capture the "regular" convention.

A correspondent writes in criticism of our comment on Butler's success at Worcester to much the same effect as Mr. Frank Bird's

published letter in justification of the State Committee. He holds that the supporters of Butler were not a majority of the regularly elected Democrats and did not represent Democrats; and, secondly, that the disregard of forms prevented the gathering from being, as we called it, a "real convention of the party." As regards the first point, the evidence is contradictory, and the decision as to which side had a majority of the actual Democratic vote must be given according to individual judgment, and must wait for verification until an analysis of the vote after the election. As regards the second point, forms are, of course, necessary, but only so long as they really aid the convention to preserve its integrity as a representative body and to obtain control of itself readily; should there be, however, an attempt to use its customary preliminary forms, such as deciding who are *prima-facie* delegates, to manipulate the delegations so that the convention by its composition should come to represent other opinions and a different policy from that which the party actually maintains, then, we suppose, a right of revolution exists and may be properly exercised. The resolution of the State Committee, expressing its opinion that Butler delegates ought not to be admitted, was a declaration of war upon the Democrats who wished the candidacy of Butler, and, whether they acted on it or not, it made the reports of their excluding all such delegates credible and led to all the mischief. The important fact is that the Massachusetts Democracy is divided into the respectable men, who are Democrats by tradition or principle and care for the historic honor of the name, and the rabble. Hitherto the rabble have submitted to leadership of the better class, but now they have found a more congenial master. Which is the larger part is at present doubtful.

That acute political observer, Mr. William E. Chandler, has made a timely discovery by which his Republican fellow-citizens of New Hampshire will be very obstinate if they refuse to profit. He shows them that making the greenback issue paramount in the late Maine canvass changed the Republican majority of that State (15,000) into a minority of more than 12,000; that the endorsement of Hayes last year changed the Massachusetts Republican majority (42,000) into a minority of nearly 2,000; that this year Republicans dare to meet in old Faneuil Hall, with Banks and Blaine and Simmons among them, without a single word being said in favor of political liberty and equal rights at the South, and that already the faint-hearted are calling on the Democrats to come to the rescue by voting for Talbot. He concludes, therefore, that the moral is the same for Massachusetts as for Maine, and for New Hampshire as for Massachusetts, and that his political associates would do well to try the experiment of making human rights the paramount issue, and greenbacks an incidental issue. The wag knows that this is his last chance of "making it hot under the old flag," but if he were in earnest he would still be excusable for believing that "paramount issues" do not come by "natural selection." He might concede, we suppose, that platform-makers often have the main issue forced upon them, but that any necessary relation or proportion exists between the issues of the platform and the issues of the stump is something which, with his recollection of the Hayes campaign, must appear to him highly ridiculous.

Mr. Schurz has appeared in the field as a financial orator again, and has delivered at Cincinnati another of those weighty and lucid addresses in which his command of a language he has learned in manhood is not less remarkable than his power of handling a difficult subject. Better still, it was impossible to detect one weak spot in the whole of it. Neither with regard to silver nor greenbacks nor bonds was there one particle of the shuffling and subterfuge and attempts to appease ignorance and credulity which some of his colleagues so delight in and think so 'cute. It ought to be said, too, that this has been a characteristic of his utterances on financial questions from the beginning, and it may be said of him that, as well as we can remember, he stands alone with Messrs. Bayard and Garfield among prominent men of both parties in never having once

since this discreditable discussion first began descended to quibbling, evading, or shirking, or pretending that popular majorities could override the laws of trade—a position in which so many blatherskites have taken refuge when their hearts failed them. Just now, however, the amount of "courage" about finance which is showing itself in the Republican politicians is most gratifying. At every corner one meets statesmen who, however weak they may have been in the dark past, are willing, and indeed anxious, to sacrifice one of their legs in defence of the doctrines contained in the report of the Bullion Committee.

There has been a somewhat entertaining correspondence between Mr. Wendell Phillips and Mr. James G. Blaine on the merits of government legal-tender paper, "interconvertible with bonds for a long term and at a low rate of interest." Mr. Phillips thinks that it is very discreditable for the Republican party not to take up this plan, which would "save us from the Bourbon South in 1880." Mr. Blaine has had no difficulty in demolishing the scheme and showing its folly and the mischief it would work. There probably never was a more striking illustration of the respect paid to oratory than the gravity with which even busy and rational men discuss finance with Mr. Phillips, and the importance they appear to attach to convincing him. His financial ideas are those of a child, and he is no more open to conviction by argument than a phonograph, and yet nearly every year some politician has a solemn debate with him about currency and public credit. In this last controversy he declares that "the best European thought" is hastening towards the issue of all paper by the Government, and that "the best financial thought of Europe" is demanding the "interconvertible bond"; and the Boston *Advertiser* says "the calm with which he does this is amusing." It is; but there is a great deal more fun in him of the same kind. If he were pushed he would undoubtedly assert with equal "calm" that England and France were now issuing irredeemable paper, and that the "interconvertible bond" was all the rage among the European artisans.

Attorney-General Train, of Massachusetts, has written a terrible letter to the Boston *Transcript*, chastising that paper for some severe comments on his action in the Kimpton case, in which he lays great stress on the thoroughness of the investigation which he conducted, and on the editor's presumptive ignorance of the law of the matter. But most of his indignation is misdirected. It is not for his legal finding that the Governor had discretion that he is assailed, doubtful as that may be, but for the reasons he provided for the Governor's refusal. These are not legal but moral, on which an attorney-general's opinion counts for no more than that of other men. The first of them had bad faith stamped on its face, and was sufficient to relieve every one from the necessity of considering the second. It was that though the alleged offence had been committed in 1872 no indictment had been found till April, 1877, by which he sought to produce the impression that the government of South Carolina might have indicted Kimpton sooner, and exposed itself to suspicion through the delay. That Mr. Train knew well that Kimpton could not have been prosecuted until 1877, because the administration and archives of the State were in the hands of his confederates, and that he was indicted almost immediately after they were ousted, there can of course be no question, and his production of such a plea showed considerable hardihood. We do not know whether the *Transcript* is right in saying that it is owing to this incident that he has failed to obtain a renomination; but we do know that he richly merited some such rebuke, and that if the Convention administered it it deserved the thanks of the public.

The Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital has addressed a letter to the Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade of several leading cities of the Union, to the effect that a philanthropic lady of New York, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, well known for her liberality in more than one direction, has offered, if

need be, to support the entire expense of a commission to enquire into the causes of the yellow fever and its treatment, such as the citizens of Memphis petitioned the President to appoint some time ago; but others are asked to join in defraying the costs. The object of the commission is mainly to investigate the original sources of the pestilence with a view to preventing its recurrence. Three members have been already appointed, and it is hoped that Congress will increase their number as soon as possible. Such an enquiry will be of the greatest use in settling the truth of the various reports, favorable and unfavorable, which have been circulated respecting the sanitary condition of Southern cities, and reform in them, if reform be needed; and certainly among all the generous deeds which the pestilence has called forth this stands out conspicuously as one of the most praiseworthy and intelligent. The fever itself keeps on its old course, and any improvement seems to be only temporary. The deaths already number above eight thousand by official report.

It has been a dull week in the financial markets. British consols declined $\frac{1}{4}$, and United States bonds in London advanced $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ on purchases for shipment to New York, where there was a continued good demand for them. Sterling exchange here fell to within one "point" of the figures at which gold coin can be imported, and the not unreasonable calculation that such a movement of gold will begin in the early future undoubtedly prompts the Bank of England not to reduce its discount rate below 5 per cent., although the bank holds bullion to the amount of about one-half of its liabilities. The German Government sold \$500,000 silver bars during the week at 51 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per oz. Since then the price has fallen to 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 51 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and the bullion value of the 412 $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain silver dollar has fallen to as nearly as possible 87 cents gold. A notable feature in this market was the advance of about 1 per cent. in the rates for money on all classes of loans—demand and time—and on mercantile paper. The reserve of the New York banks has fallen below \$10,000,000. At the Stock Exchange there was a speculation restricted to brokers and professional "operators." The general trade of the country continues to be good for the season.

The capture of Klobuk was prematurely announced last week, for it appears not to have taken place till Saturday last, after five days' violent bombardment by General Jovanovich. On the same day the fortress of Livno in Bosnia was carried by the Duke of Württemberg, also after bombardment. The peaceable occupation of Zvornik has been twice announced, once as an accomplished fact, and afterwards as about to happen. Its surrender had become inevitable. A report of an Austrian victory south of Serayevo, at Vishegrad, has also been published, but without date or particulars. General Philippovich expresses his expectation of being able to disperse with three divisions by the end of October. Meantime the dispersed insurgents are concentrating in considerable force in the Novi-Bazar district; the Albanians, along the line of the Mitrovitza and Salonica railway.

At Pesth on Sunday the radical Hungarians, under the lead of some deputies of the Hungarian Diet, met and denounced the occupation of Bosnia in a series of resolutions which end by demanding the withdrawal of the army. Public sentiment sets so strongly this way that the Hungarian Ministry have given up the task of providing Hungary's contingent of the expenses of occupation before the Diet meets, and are said to have resigned in a body. All the troops that General Philippovich can spare, Count Andrassy will certainly make no delay in withdrawing, but common sense would seem to be on the side of the military party and the court in opposing to the bitter end the virtual abandonment of the country already acquired at so great cost of life and treasure. Francis Joseph lately assured a Croat delegation in strong terms that he considered withdrawal inevitable unless the trunk-line of railway should be continued from Sissek to Novi at the mouth of the Sanna, on the Bosnian frontier, and he urged them to try and induce the Hungarian Ministers to favor the project. They not only oppose it,

however, on the very ground on which the Emperor advocates it, but because Hungary is interested in a railroad to Constantinople *via* Semlin, Belgrade, and the Morava Valley, with which it is feared the Sissek-*Novi* line might eventually compete, by extension to Mitrovitza.

The Greeks have made a sharp answer to Safvet Pasha's extraordinary circular-note, in which he refused to entertain the question of the cession of territory to Greece recommended by the Congress of Berlin, and advised the Powers to have nothing to do with the Greeks. The Greek Minister, M. Delyannis, points out that Turkey in signing the treaty accepted the principle that Greece ought to have an addition of territory, and that the new boundary should be settled by mutual agreement, or, failing that, by the mediation of the Powers; reports that he, therefore, pressed Safvet Pasha for a categorical answer; that the Pasha said he could not give one until he heard from the Powers in reply to his memorandum; declares that this is an evasion and is tantamount to a refusal to execute the treaty; and therefore calls on the Powers to proffer their mediation in accordance with its terms. This will put the English Cabinet in a position of some difficulty, as it is more and more apparent that the Turkish Empire is in great danger of dissolution, and any pressure just now would be likely to hasten it. The serious fact is that the European Mussulmans, who are the only part of the population the Constantinople Government could count on, are in open revolt against the Porte in Albania, Bosnia, and Rumelia, or disregard its orders. Mehemet Ali was murdered because he refused to put himself at the head of the insurgents. Midhat Pasha has been recalled, or, rather, allowed to return, and is to reside in Crete, but the stories of his governorship of Asia Minor appear to be at least premature. Germany has backed up the Greeks by a circular note of the 2d of September, calling attention to the failure of the Turks to execute the treaty.

We have discussed elsewhere the general character of the Anti-Socialist Bill which is now under debate before the German Reichstag, and has been referred to a committee of twenty-one for examination and amendment. The debate has been very dull thus far, only Bebel, the well-known Socialist, infusing life into it by accusing the Government of having coddled Socialism in times past, and challenging them to publish the results of the enquiry in the Nobiling case, which he maintained would show that the Socialists had nothing to do with the attempts at assassination. What was most interesting in it is the revelation it makes of the attitude of the various parties in the House towards the Bill. The Ultramontanes, through M. Reichensperger, opposed the bill as exceptional legislation, but advocated additions to the penal code for the better defence of property and marriage. The Conservatives proper accept the bill just as it stands through M. Helldorf, while the National Liberals, although admitting the necessity of some restrictive legislation, are not prepared to accept the present law without considerable modifications. They ask to have a term fixed for its operation, and a better tribunal than the Federal Council provided to hear appeals from the orders of the police. We have described on another page the recommendations made by the committee thus far in accordance with this suggestion.

Prince Bismarck made a speech, but did not go into the merits of the bill, confining himself to answering Bebel's charges of former relations with the Socialists, treating them in a serio-comic vein which put the Chamber in very good humor. He denied having ever negotiated with the Socialists, but acknowledged having had more or less intercourse with some of the chiefs, such as Lasalle, whom he liked as very good company. He made the remarkable declaration that, left to himself, he would never have given the Empire universal suffrage, but accepted it as one of the traditions of the Frankfort Parliament. It was only at the close that he touched on the main question, and declared that existence would be impossible "under the tyranny of such bandits" as had set on foot the late attempts at assassination in Germany and Russia.

THE CAUSES OF THE INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION.

THE dispute between the English cotton operatives and the mill-owners has been revived by the continuance of the depression in spite of the submission of the operatives to the ten per cent. reduction in wages, which the employers maintained would enable them to find a market. The remedy suggested and insisted upon by the operatives was, it will be remembered, a diminution of production, and was based on the theory that cotton-spinning and weaving had been greatly overdone, and that as long as the same quantity was poured into the market prices not only would not rise but would probably fall. To this the employers replied that by working half-time, or less time, they would lose the interest on their fixed capital, and would, if they failed to push the sale of their wares, probably lose their market also; and that, in any case, the admission of the right of the operatives to dictate the general policy on which the business was to be conducted would be highly injurious, and might in the long run prove ruinous. Since the strike, however, the operatives' theory has been gaining ground, and is receiving powerful support from Mr. John Morley, who has been collecting a large number of important facts bearing on the question of the cause of the present distress, and all these facts point in one direction—over-production in certain great fields of industry, and notably in cotton and iron manufacture, coal-mining, and ship-building. All other explanations of the severe industrial crisis through which the world is passing have, as we have more than once maintained, broken down. The condition of England disposes of the tariff theory and of the "soft-money" theory. The condition of Germany disposes of the "losses-of-the-war" theory. The condition of France disposes of the heavy-taxation theory. In fact, it plainly appears that no system of currency, or taxation, or form of government, or military system, or peaceableness or aggressiveness has been sufficient to save a nation from depression. The one fact common to all the countries now suffering from it, and the one to which we therefore naturally turn for the key of the problem, is the enormous industrial activity of the past twenty-five years—that is, the prodigious investment of capital in the machinery of manufacture and transportation, and in the building of great cities.

There has been a good deal of discussion among economists as to whether there can be such a thing as a universal glut of commodities. Whether there can or not does not matter for the purpose of this discussion. There certainly can be a glut of certain things. There can be, for instance, more railroads than people need, either for travel or freight—a phenomenon which we witness here. There can be more cotton cloth produced than people will wear—a phenomenon witnessed at this moment both in England and France. There can be more iron made than people need for tools or machinery—a phenomenon witnessed both in England and this country. There can be more city houses built than people need to live in—a phenomenon witnessed both here and in France and Germany. In some of these things production has run ahead of population, owing to the great and rapid improvement in machinery. In others it has run ahead of the habits of the people, a fact to which we drew attention two years ago in these columns, and which Mr. Morley has illustrated by saying that no matter how cheap you make cotton shirts, a man will not wear two at a time. But it would be more apposite to say that, no matter how cheap you make them, the bulk of men will not put on a clean shirt every day and many not twice a week, simply because they dislike the trouble and do not feel the need of it. It has been found, for instance, in England that very high wages in certain trades, the iron and coal, for instance, such as prevailed from 1866 to 1873, did nothing to raise the standard of living amongst the men in any permanent way. They spent it in expensive wine and food, and much as the miners do or did in our own Western States; but they did not make the slightest attempt to approximate their style of living in dress, furniture, and dwellings to that of the middle class. That a continuance of such wages might eventually give to the coal-miner the wants and habits

of a bank cashier or college professor is possible, but it would take a good deal of time and probably more than one generation. The comforts accessible to the workingman, and which he makes use of and considers necessities, have certainly been greatly multiplied during the last hundred years, but they have become necessities very slowly, and anybody who undertook to furnish many of them even fifty years ago would probably have been ruined in the experiment.

The application of steam to transportation furnishes another remarkable illustration of the way in which capitalists have produced too much, and locked up money in useless tools. In less than forty years the tonnage of the United Kingdom has risen from 2,700,000 tons to 6,200,000 tons, and the result is that there are supposed to be \$10,000,000 worth of English shipping lying idle in Indian ports alone, and the China seas and Australian ports present a similar spectacle. Every one knows, too, what the condition of the carrying trade is between this country and Europe. In other words, there has been a prodigious mistake made as to the number of people who would want to travel and as to the quantity of goods which would need transportation between 1870 and 1880, and a great many millions of capital are in consequence condemned to idleness. We have a similar story to tell about our railroads; most Americans are, unhappily, too familiar with it. We are, in fact, awakening from the immense delusion created by the achievements of steam forty years ago, that if things were made cheap enough purchasers would be sure to be found for them. The whole industrial world seems to have been seized with the belief that as soon as people heard that the price of a thing had fallen, not only would they use more of it than formerly, but they would steadily and rapidly increase their consumption; that a man who found himself perfectly comfortable with one shirt a week would use two, and finally seven, a week, and his wife delight in washing them; and that as soon as the passage to America or India was reduced in time by three-fourths no one would pass many years without making the trip.

The delusion about goods and transportation has, of course, built up the great cities. Population has poured into them either to spin and weave the fine clothes which the world was sure to want, or to distribute them to the coming purchasers, or to receive, lodge, and amuse the crowds of passengers expected by the railroads, and the result is that there is really a glut of large towns and sewers and sidewalks and parks and hotels. The demand for the clothes has fallen off, and the passengers do not arrive by train, and hundreds of thousands are pining in city garrets who would be much better employed in saving harvests or herding cattle in the fields. One hundred years ago this state of things might have arisen in any one country, but it would in all probability have been confined to it, and people in other countries would have heard of it vaguely through mercantile correspondence, but it would have concerned them little. But steam and the telegraph have made it impossible any longer to confine the speculative spirit to any one community. They spread the same hopes and fears in a week over the whole civilized world. When the English iron-master or cotton-spinner is feeling "flush" he orders investments in New York, which fires the imagination of his American brother with gorgeous dreams also, and they rush towards a common collapse. The fever which was desolating this country in 1873 raged in London, Berlin, Paris, and Bombay, and the patients were through the whole of it in close communication, and exchanging delirious congratulations, and egging each other on to fresh acts of folly.

The process of recovery is not going to be very rapid, and will not come altogether through restricted production. There will have to be a restoration of the equilibrium between industrial and agricultural labor, which is a slow process, as the artisan and mill-hand do not go back readily to the plough and the hoe, and there will have to be a great comparative increase in the world's stock of raw material—coffee, tea, sugar, cotton, grain, and meats—or, in other words, of the products of Mother Earth as distinguished from the products of human dexterity, before steam can again have full swing in manufactories and transportation. Though last, not least—in fact we cannot help considering this the most important consideration

of all—the wants of the laboring class, that is, of the bulk of mankind, must be multiplied by the improvement of their taste and intelligence, before they can give the machinery which is now applied to production full work to do. Steady and growing consumption can only be looked for from an educated, provident population with a high standard of comfort and nice personal habits. In other words, there is not much use in making things cheap for a brutal, dirty, and gluttonous man. If he buys them he will only waste them, and he will not buy them long—a fact with which all are familiar who trade with savages. The working people of the world—that is, its manual laborers—have not kept up in culture with the growth of invention, and they have consequently had things showered on them which they do not know how to use, or, more plainly, make no market for. But there is no good reason why a workingman earning one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year, as many do, should not desire as many comforts in the shape of furniture, books, clothing, pictures, and so on for himself and his family, and desire them as intelligently, as the minister or lawyer or doctor who is earning a similar amount. He does not do so, however, and the great economical as well as moral problem of our time is to raise him as a consumer by rational and healthful processes. It is no easy one, because his ambition thus far too often does not go beyond a diminution of his hours of labor, and the demagogues who cultivate his discontent with his condition incite him rather to drag down others' standard of living by law than to raise his own by the improvement of his mental and moral powers.

THE SUPPRESSION OF SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK finds himself, after twelve years of extraordinary success and prosperity, again opposed to the Liberal party of Germany, and is engaged in a contest much more difficult than that for the maintenance of the army by which he prepared for the war of 1866. He enters it, too, with influence more or less diminished. The years of commercial depression and disaster which have followed the victories of 1870-71, and the crushing weight of the military force which the victories seem to have rendered necessary, have not unnaturally done much to diminish his prestige and expose him to the criticism of former supporters. What is worse, they have probably done a good deal to introduce Socialism into Germany and spread it, and give it the fierce, intractable air which is causing so much surprise to those who are most familiar with the German character; and Socialism seems to be the rock on which his great name and great influence are likely to split. He knows of only one way of dealing with it, and that is the way he dealt with the Danes, with the Austrians, with the French, and with the Ultramontane clergy. He is not a man who entertains many designs at a time, or gives much study to the collateral or remoter effects of any enterprise he has seriously at heart. It was by sternly avoiding the consideration of such topics that he succeeded in creating the German Empire, and now that he has undertaken to defend it against a subtle form of disease, his measures resemble in thoroughness those which he would use in "stamping out" the cattle-plague or the cholera.

Nothing can well be more sweeping and high-handed than the bill for the suppression of Socialism which he has laid before the new Parliament, the full text of which has now reached us. By it all associations exhibiting "Socialistic, Democratic-Socialist, or Communist tendencies," or which "seem calculated to undermine the political and social order," and all meetings or publications, periodical or other, which seem to exhibit such tendencies, are made liable to suppression by a simple order of the police without preliminary trial or enquiry, except in case of foreign periodicals, the circulation of which can only be prohibited by the Chancellor of the Empire. As it is for the police to decide whether a publication fosters "tendencies hostile to the existing social and political order," and as such a charge is vague, so vague in fact as to be almost incapable of refutation, of course the Act would put the whole press of the country at their mercy. Moreover, all the justification required for

prohibiting a meeting is that "it might be thought likely to promote" such tendencies, so that the Act would enable them to silence all political discussion. Nay, it goes still further, and authorizes them to close any printing-office which is regularly employed to print publications having the bad tendencies aforesaid, and to expel from certain localities all persons who make a business of fostering these tendencies; to shut up reading-rooms, circulating libraries, hotels, and taverns belonging to such persons, and to forbid them to follow their calling anywhere within the Empire. In addition to all this it authorizes the police to proclaim as "disturbed" for one year any district in which they think the public security is threatened, and within this district, and during such period, no meeting of any kind can be held, no newspaper circulated, without the previous authorization of the police, who will also be empowered to expel from it any individual they choose to pronounce dangerous, and to prohibit the possession, wearing, and sale of arms. Any person disobeying the police orders then becomes liable to prosecution before the courts, but simply for such disobedience, which would be the only fact to be proved on the trial. The reasonableness or justifiability of the order would not be enquired into. The penalty in case of conviction is fine or imprisonment.

It is needless to say that no such measures of repression have in our day ever been proposed to a parliament in time of profound peace. The suspension of the habeas corpus which has been resorted to of late years by the British Government for the suppression of crime and outrage in Ireland only extended to a very small portion of the Empire, and gave the police no power over the press or the right of public meeting, and, indeed, did not seek the extirpation of obnoxious opinions at all. The proposed German law, however, places the whole Empire at the mercy of the police, and aims not at the direct prevention of attacks on person or property, but at the propagation of opinions which, in the estimation of the police, are likely to lead to such attacks. It is true there is a right of appeal given from the decisions of the police to the Federal Council; but there is to be no suspension of the police action pending the hearing of the appeal. The newspaper remains unissued, the book unsold, the printing-office closed, or the tavern or hotel or reading-room shut up until the decision is reversed, and in this interval, of course, the accused person would most probably be ruined.

The Federal Council is to pass on the appeals made to it by a special commission of seven, chosen from its members, who are not to be instructed or controlled in any manner, and of course the chances are that care would be taken to compose this commission of persons to whom Socialism was a bugbear. On this, therefore, the Liberals have begun their fight. The committee to whom the bill has been referred have reported in favor of making the tribunal consist of only four members of the Federal Council, and joining with them five judges from the Supreme Court of the Empire, or from the courts of the separate States, and of giving the Emperor the appointment of the president and vice-president, but to this the latest despatches report that the Government is opposed.

No doctoring or modification of the bill to which the Government will submit is likely to make it acceptable to the Liberals. The essence of it and the danger of it lie in the arbitrary power over persons and property bestowed on the police, and there is no way of mending this or making it inoffensive. The régime which it is proposed to set up might have been accepted in 1848, but the German Liberals have been too long in the enjoyment of freedom of speech to be willing to surrender it to the police, however willing they might be to give the courts greater control over it, even if there were greater confidence in police discretion than there is. But the way in which the law has been enforced, since the Nobiling attempt, against poor people accused of speaking "disrespectfully" of the Emperor, shows that the spirit of minute and petty persecution for which the Austrian police used to be famous survives in Prussia, and only needs more power to become very obnoxious.

How the struggle will end it is difficult to foresee. One of its results, and the earliest, will probably be some sort of reconciliation between Prince Bismarck and the Church, in order to secure the aid

of the Ultramontane vote in the Reichstag. The Ultramontane orators assure him that he will never get the better of the Socialists without the aid of the clergy, but he attaches very little importance to spiritual weapons, and if he makes any concessions with regard to the administration of the Falk laws, it will be not that he may get the benefit of the prayers and sermons of the priests, but that he may get votes enough in parliament to give the arm of flesh greater force; for his defect, great a man as he is, is that he esteems the arm of flesh too highly. He has done great things with it, it is true, but the Empire it has created cannot be wholly saved by it. Other and more subtle forces are needed to consolidate and strengthen it, but it is not to be wondered at if he in his declining years is unable to measure and employ them, or allow for them.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

SOME weeks ago (No. 668) there appeared in these columns a short account of the American colony in Paris, which called forth at the time a rejoinder, and upon which it has been our fortune to hear privately a good many comments. Some of these comments have been sympathetic; others have been highly dissentient. In every case, however, there was a discussion of the question raised—a discussion which, in the circle in which it took place, could not fail to be extremely interesting. However the question raised may in any case be settled—the question of Americans appearing “to advantage” or otherwise in Europe—there is no doubt that nothing could be well more characteristic of our nationality than the sight of a group of persons more or less earnestly discussing it. We are the only people with whom such a question can be in the least what the French call an actuality. It is hard to imagine two or three Englishmen, two or three Frenchmen, two or three Germans comparing notes and strongly differing as to the impression made upon the civilized world by the collective body of their countrymen. In the first place, the Englishman or the Frenchman sees no reason to suppose that such an impression is in any way peculiar, or that one member of European society distinguishes himself noticeably from another. In the second place, if he were to be made aware that foreigners were criticising him, he would be extremely indifferent to their verdict. He would comfortably assume that the standard of manners—the shaping influences—in his own country are the highest, and that if he is a gentleman according to these canons he may go his way in peace. The season is drawing to a close during which, chiefly, Americans disseminate themselves in foreign lands, and for the last three or four months the national character has had free play in European hotels and railway stations. The impression, whatever it is, produced upon the European community must have been sensibly deepened. In spite of the commercial tribulations at home, the number of American travellers abroad has been very large, and numerous also have been the Americans (more numerous every year) who have betaken themselves to Europe for an indefinite residence. Those observers of whom we just now spoke, who are always ready to be a party to national self-analysis, have probably, in many cases, collected some new ideas. They have encountered, for instance, a few more specimens of the unattached young American lady—the young lady travelling for culture, or relaxation, or economy—and, according to their different points of view, she has seemed to them a touching or a startling phenomenon. The writer of these lines feels that he has added to the number of his own observations; that the data upon which his general conclusions rest have been multiplied; and that, thanks to his having passed some weeks in a great city in which the American tourist is frequently met and easily recognized, he might, in such a discussion as was just now alluded to, be beguiled into giving an even indiscreet extension to remarks originally prompted simply by a friendly interest in that class of Parisians known as Americans.

Americans in Europe are *outsiders*; that is the great point, and the point thrown into relief by all zealous efforts to controvert it. As a people we are out of European society; the fact seems to us incontestable, be it regrettable or not. We are not only out of the European circle politically and geographically; we are out of it socially, and for excellent reasons. We are the only great people of the civilized world that is a pure democracy, and we are the only great people that is exclusively commercial. Add the remoteness represented by these facts to our great and painful geographical remoteness, and it will be easy to see why to be known in Europe as an American is to enjoy an imperfect reciprocity. It may be the Europeans who are the losers by this absence of reciprocity;

we do not prejudice that point, and we do not know, indeed, who is to settle it. A great many Americans—by no means all—maintain that the Europeans are the losers, and declare that if they don't know us and don't care about us, so much the worse for them. This is in many ways a very proper and very natural attitude; but nothing can be more characteristic of our civilization than the fact that an American may be almost defied to maintain it consistently. Let him be even more patriotic than is necessary, he is constantly lapsing from it, and, when he is in company with Europeans who do nothing to ruffle his usually great good-nature, he constantly takes a tone which indicates that he values their good opinion and that he is rather flattered than otherwise by possessing it. This, however, is a matter to be discussed apart. We wish to mention the last fact which leads Europeans to look upon Americans as aliens—the fact that large and increasing numbers of them elect, as the phrase is, to spend large parts of their lives in foreign lands. When a European sees an American absentee settle down in the country of which he himself is a native it is not surprising that, in the face of this practical tribute, he should be found doubting whether the country the American has left is as agreeable, as comfortable, as civilized, as desirable a one to belong to as his own. The American may carefully explain that he is living abroad for such and such special and limited reasons—for culture, for music, for art, for the languages, for economy, for the education of his children; the fact remains that in pursuit of some *agrément* or other he has forsaken his native-land, and the European retains, ineffaceably, the impression that if America were really a pleasant place he would never do so. He would come to travel—yes, frequently and extensively; but he (or rather *she*, for as a general thing, in this case, that is the proper pronoun) would never take up an abode in a strange city and remain there year after year, looking about, rather hungrily, for social diversion and “trying to get into society.” Such a spectacle makes the European take the American, as an American, by so much the less *au sérieux*. An Englishman, a Frenchman, a German finds his intellectual, his æsthetic ideal in living in his own country. A great many Englishmen live out of England for economy; a great many Germans emigrate to make a living. But the ideal in each of these cases is to be rich enough to live at home; the dream of felicity is to have a large income and spend it within one's native borders. If we perhaps except the Russians, who do not altogether come into our category, the Americans are the only highly-civilized people among whom the ideal takes another turn. It will probably never be the case that the country will lack a sufficient number of rich residents to “run” it; but we shall probably for a long time continue to see numbers of Americans absenting themselves from the United States in proportion as fortune puts into their hands the means of what is called enjoying life. A great many of them prefer to enjoy life in Paris, where our correspondent who described the “colony” gave a sketch of their situation. They are naturally a puzzle to many of the people they live among, who are at a loss to imagine the compensation that Americans find in a society with which they do not amalgamate for the forfeiture of those social advantages which, as is supposed, gentlemen and ladies enjoy in their own country. The compensation that comes from shops and theatres and restaurants seems insufficient to the average European mind, preoccupied as that mind is with the belief that nothing can be so agreeable as the life of one's native land—the animated circle of which one is a member as a matter of course. The average European mind can never understand that for many enriched Americans life at home has never been strikingly agreeable, and that public amusements in a European capital may not unfairly be held to outweigh the social advantages relinquished even in certain capitals of States.

Curiously combined with that argumentative national self-consciousness of which we began by speaking is a profound, imperturbable, unsuspectingness on the part of many Americans of the impression they produce in foreign lands. With this state of mind it is impossible to find fault; it has always been, we suspect, the mark of great nationalities. It has become a commonplace to say that the English are conspicuous for it, and it is highly probable that the ancient Romans—the *cives Romani*—were equally so. But it may sometimes provoke a smile, when the impression produced is a good deal at variance with European circumstances. There is the conscious and the unconscious American: for we, of course, do not mean that the two characters are combined in the same individual. The conscious American is apologetic, explanatory—a pessimist might sometimes say snobbish. But perhaps, after having traversed a certain phase by a sort of Hegelian unfolding, this type is on its way to become unconscious again. Extremes meet, and that is a symptom of great experience as well as of great innocence. The great innocence of

the usual American tourist is perhaps his most general quality. He takes all sorts of forms, some of them agreeable and some the reverse, and it is probably not unfair to say that by sophisticated Europeans it is harshly interpreted. They waste no time in hair-splitting; they set it down once for all as very vulgar. It may be added that there are a great many cases in which this conclusion hardly seems forced. A very large proportion of the Americans who annually scatter themselves over Europe are by no means flattering to the national vanity. Their merits, whatever they are, are not of a sort that strike the eye—still less the ear. They are ill-made, ill-mannered, ill-dressed. A very good way to get a collective impression of them is to go and sit for half an hour in the waiting-room of any European banker upon whom Americans hold letters of credit. During certain hours of the morning our compatriots swarm, getting their drafts cashed and asking for their letters—those letters which they apparently suspect the banker's clerks of a constitutional indisposition to surrender. The writer of these lines lately enjoyed on several occasions this opportunity of observation, and—from the point of view of amenity—the spectacle was not gratifying. Are we the worst-looking people in the world? the sophisticated spectator, on such an occasion, enquires; and lest he should be beguiled into giving an answer too monstrous he abstains from giving any at all. One American (of the "conscious" class) has a way of explaining these things—the common facial types, the vulgar manners, the "mean" voices, the want of acquaintance with the rudiments of the science of dress—to another. He says that in America "every one travels," and that the people at the bankers are much better than the corresponding class in Europe, who languish in downtrodden bondage and never have even a chance to show themselves to the world. The explanation is highly sufficient, for it is very certain that for many Americans a journey to Europe is the reward of a period of sordid toil. An American may take great satisfaction in this circumstance; he may be proud of belonging to a country in which the advantages of foreign travel are open to all, irrespective of "social standing"; instead of being, as in Europe (according, at least, to his theory), only within the reach of the luxurious and the privileged. But the European only perceives that a great many American travellers are remarkably "rough," and quite fails to congratulate either his own country or theirs upon possessing them. The people in question neither know nor care what he thinks about them, and, having examined the antiquities of the Old World, they go westward across the Atlantic with a perfectly good conscience. The European critic, however, sometimes opens himself with striking candor to an American of the introspective class. It is a hundred to one that his tone is patronizing; but there are degrees of patronage. If it is grossly patronizing the American is offended, and invites him to keep his approbation for himself; but if it is subtly patronizing the American listens to it with a complacency decidedly at variance with the theory of his more exalted hours—the theory of the sufficiency of the great Republic in every way to itself.

It may be that we shall some day become sufficient to ourselves and lose the sense of being the most youthful, most experimental, and, somehow, most irregular of the nations. But until that time comes some of us may occasionally be caught listening without protest to compliments paid us at the expense of some others. It is only just to say, however, that the American in Europe often enters into what we have called the conscious phase by a great deal of irritation. He finds Europeans very ignorant of a country, very indifferent to a country which, in spite of irregularities, he may be pardoned for thinking a magnificent one. A few Englishmen and Germans know a good deal about the United States—a good deal more than most Americans do; but it is hardly too much to say that as a general thing, as regards this subject, the European mind is a perfect blank. A great many Americans are very ignorant of Europe, but in default of knowledge it may be said that they have a certain amount of imagination. In respect to the United States the European imagination is motionless; and it may well seem to an American that there is something ridiculous in a scheme of the universe which leaves out a country as large as an aggregation of European kingdoms. There are many anomalies and crookednesses in the lot of the conscious American, and not the least of them is the fact that the country on whose behalf he is expected to be humble and patient—to wait for further results and withhold inopportune boasts—is an affair which, at times and in certain lights, seems to make this sweet reasonableness an affectation. It is comparatively easy to confess yourself a provincial if you really come from a province; but if you have been brought up among "big things" of every kind the admission requires an effort. On the whole, the Ameri-

can in Europe may be spoken of as a provincial who is terribly bent upon taking, in the fulness of ages, his revenge.

A FRENCH ESTIMATE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

PARIS, September 6, 1878.

A RECENT journey to England has given me the impression, I might say the conviction, that an immense majority of the English people are perfectly contented with the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Whoever has lived much in England knows how many objections have at all times been raised against the person of Disraeli. In fact, he seemed to unite in himself all that could stand in England between a man and success; still, he is now unquestionably the leader of England. His portrait is everywhere, and even caricature can add little to the oddity of this strange face, with the piercing eyes, the long, Semitic nose, the lips compressed in a sad smile, the chin adorned with a Mephistophelic thin and pointed beard. I hardly ever spoke to my English friends of Disraeli in old times without hearing him abused, and I have never found myself in contact with him without finding great charm in his quiet manners, in his well-measured and pointed phrases. It always seemed to me that there was nothing ordinary or vulgar in the man; he was different from the common type. I have heard him attacked even for his excessive politeness. Somebody once told me that the author of 'Lothair' was a snob and took a real delight in choosing heroes and heroines in the upper classes. He was the leader of the aristocratic party, and the aristocrats were never tired of saying that he only represented them politically, that he did not speak or move or act like the "chosen few." So it may be; but the man who has contrived, with all his disabilities, to impose his leadership on the proudest aristocracy of the world cannot be an ordinary man. Lord Palmerston was for many years a great favorite of the English people; Lord Beaconsfield is the new Palmerston, with this curious difference—that he possesses not only the confidence of his party; he has also the confidence of the Crown. No minister has been such a *persona grata* to the Queen, who, since the days of her youth and of Lord Melbourne, has never evinced any preference for the members of any administration. During the life of Prince Albert nobody but himself was admitted to her absolute confidence, and since his death she has lived in a sort of permanent seclusion, and reduced her relations with the ambassadors and the cabinet ministers to a sort of minimum. But now it seems as if Lord Beaconsfield had found the power to fill the royal solitude with something like real friendship.

The Queen has never been indifferent to the foreign affairs of her country. Since the days of her youth she has been in the habit of reading the despatches of the Foreign Office. We know from various publications that she has sometimes entered into great European questions with a real passion. It may be conjectured that she suffered from the position into which England had been slowly allowed to drift under the guidance of ministers who had for their only object to keep England out of the turmoil of European complications. Ever since the days of the Crimean war England had been, so to speak, emigrating from Europe; she had become a witness, she had ceased to be an actor. The whole face of Europe had been transformed under her eyes, and often without her consent. She had not ceased to moralize on passing events, on the accomplishment of Italian unity, on the Danish war, on the war between Prussia and Austria, on the war between Germany and France; but she moralized somewhat in the style of the Greek chorus, which had no part in the action of the drama. Her long quarrel with the United States on the subject of the *Alabama* claims had crippled her foreign policy; so long as she could fear the enmity of the Union, she felt that she could not safely get entangled in any great war. There were not wanting theorists to defend a policy of perpetual and systematic non-intervention. England was told that she had better follow a parochial than an imperial policy; that "Lesser England" must not be sacrificed to the glory of what was once called "Greater England." The eloquence, the talent, the art of bringing truth home to the people, were, it must be confessed, on the side of the votaries of what I call the parochial policy. Who was there who could well conquer the warm eloquence of Bright, or retort the sarcastic logic of Lowe? Gladstone, Forster, Vernon Harcourt formed a formidable phalanx which could not well be broken. When the Eastern Question was opened the three Emperors who had prepared its solution and their able chancellors could very naturally believe that England would remonstrate with them but would never begin war in defence of Turkey. It seemed almost impossible for her to enter into competition

with Russia, who had the moral support not only of Germany but of the Liberal party. England had lost for the present her old Continental allies, Austria and France; she was alone. Still, Lord Beaconsfield instinctively felt that in this critical state of things he would better satisfy the British people by a stroke of imperial policy. He did not go to war with Russia; he did not bind himself by any permanent contract with the three Emperors; he made his arrangement with Turkey, and undertook to add the patronage of Asiatic Turkey to the burden of the government of India.

When Prince Bismarck heard of the cession made by Mr. Gladstone of the Ionian Islands to Greece he is said to have remarked that a nation was lost which ceased to take and began to give back. Lord Beaconsfield is of the same mind; he believes that a strong nation, as well as a strong individual, must keep itself constantly in training; every great country must have a great task, and one which appeals somewhat to the higher instincts and the imagination of the people. England will not become a fat Holland; she will work, and conquer, and send her missionaries, her consuls, and her merchants to all parts of the universe. The solid conservatism which must strike every man who visits England is explained by the possibility of throwing all the discontented energies in every direction. Return to England after a ten years' absence and you will see nothing altered: things look unalterable on the Thames, because Englishmen are altering everything on the rivers of India and of Australia. Every bargeman of the Thames who sees ship after ship towed into the docks has visions of wealth and glory. The sentinel who mounts guard at the Horse Guards or before Buckingham Palace knows that the whole army of England proper is hardly equal to two German, Russian, or French *corps d'armée*; but he knows, also, that there are sentinels mounting guard at the antipodes and in almost every latitude, at Gibraltar, at Aden, at Calcutta, who are his brothers in arms. There may be, there is, something very artificial in the stupendous fabric of English greatness; but have not men the right to be even more proud of what is the result of their art than of what is a mere gift of nature?

It is perhaps well that some English statesmen should be systematically parochial, that they should care about the material welfare of the millions of human beings who swarm in the "little island," that they should regard every question in its economical aspect; but even the material prosperity of the people at home is bound up in a mysterious way with the distant prestige of England. Who would be bold enough to tell us what would become of the British people if all her colonies and possessions were taken away from her? The dangers of an imperial policy have been often explained. Mr. Bright one day said, "I doubt if there is ever a time when we are not carrying on a war in some corner of the globe"; but, on the other hand, who would now deny that for the past fifty years the rule of England in India has been a benefit to two hundred millions of human beings? The Anglo-Saxon race, as represented by England in our century, has shown a remarkable capacity for the administration of an impartial justice among the most various races, as well as a capacity for improving the system of taxation. Justice and moderate taxation are the two greatest boons which races like the Asiatic races can hope for. Who can doubt that an Englishman would govern an Asiatic "vilayet" much better than a Turkish pasha? The pasha is a favorite of the harem of Constantinople; he thinks of nothing but plunder; he is a low, ignorant, more cruel sort of Verres; his rule is arbitrary. We know how different is a governor in Bombay or Madras.

Whatever may be the uncertainties of the future, one thing seems certain, and that is the natural decay of the Ottoman rule and the necessity of substituting for it something new. The combination invented by Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury may be criticised in its details; many objections may be made against it from a purely English point of view. I do not myself think that the old, time-honored British Constitution can be placed in peril by the new powers attributed to the Crown, or that the liberties of England will suffer because a few Asiatic regiments can be moved without the permission of Parliament. I confess that I am more inclined to look on the bright aspects of the future. The suffering populations of Asia will be allowed to breathe and to revive under a new system of administration; they will begin to come in contact with civilization. The Powers of Europe ought not to look with jealousy on such a vast undertaking; they ought, on the contrary, to favor the projects of England. England, on her side, ought to favor the projects of Russia; the Russians have not the imperial qualities of the British administrators, but they have a greater power of assimilation. They have, so to speak, no prejudices of race; they can enter at once into the life of Asia.

Between Russia and England a great work can be done. The iron rule of the Turk has produced nothing but ruins, and the civilizing power of England and Russia together must now be substituted for the damning influence of a race incapable of progress. I have not been able to see that France has suffered in any way from the new Eastern arrangements. Surely England will respect her old privileges in the Lebanon, and she has shown that she has no desire to wound our interests in Egypt. France and England can very well work harmoniously in the East, and the increased influence of England in the councils of Europe will not always be without profit for France.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—IX.

AMERICAN PAINTING.

PARIS, September 4, 1878.

IT is not surprising that the responsibility of the American exhibition at Paris is bandied about somewhat, and that it is not easy to say here who is responsible for the very inadequate idea it conveys of even what little good art has been done in America. The prevailing impression one has on entering the room is that one has happened into a *salon des refusés*, whither a few good pictures had drifted in spite of the hanging committee; then one begins to feel that the pictures in general might be and probably are from Paris, or Munich, or Düsseldorf. One looks for something of the veteran Durand, who is always American and individual, and even, since the retrospective character of the exhibition admits Delacroix and Landseer, we might have had something of Cole, which would have been grateful in the prevailing frivolity of the exhibit. And many names I could recall, but miss here, amongst the living as well as the recently dead: in short, I found more room to wonder at what was *not* here than at what *was*, and that is wonderful enough. To begin by saying the most gracious thing after so general a reprobation, one is thankful in the interest of true art for the presence of the pictures of Vedder, especially "The Young Marsyas," and the landscape of La Farge—"Paradise Valley"—both of which in their way should have their places amongst the best work of the Exposition. The "Marsyas" is at once one of the most purely classical and completely natural pictures in the whole international display—severe and correct in the style of drawing, and in color subdued and harmonious, warm, luminous, and grateful. Marsyas sits on the snow under a leafless tree, playing his double pipe in an entire absorption in his art, and the rabbits come trooping like sheep round their shepherd, drawn brown and sharp against the snow-covered ground, all in broad, luminous shadow, to relieve which in the far-off distance the sun tips the snowy hills with rosy light. The landscape is treated with that *juste milieu* between the obtrusive detail of certain new schools and senseless flimsiness of the backgrounds of certain earlier ones, which gives the due realization of a landscape accessory to figures. The frank, unpretending treatment of the subject is underlain by genuine imaginative conception of it, and often as I have passed from one end of the Exhibition to the other I have never failed to study anew this delightful canvas.

One can hardly pretend that Vedder's pictures (for though I single out the "Marsyas" as the most noteworthy, the "Sibyl" has, with a less pleasing subject, the same imaginative vitality, and only a little less simplicity of treatment) are peculiarly American, but it is impossible to class them with the works of any school. He might have learned to paint anywhere for anything we can see; one can only perceive that he has wisely profited by those masters whom we call "old," but who are the only masters of true art work, and who are the basis of all schools which have produced work of the finest type. He has not learned *chic* in France nor brown and dull conventionalism in Munich or Düsseldorf, nor has he the slightest emulation of the distressing intensity of elaboration and local tint which in so many of the leading painters of England keep the eye on the *qui vive* and let it rest nowhere; he has not invented a new combination of pigments by which we may recognize his pictures across the gallery, and to the popular taste he must seem a very tame and uninteresting painter, but to my mind he is the only figure-painter represented in this collection who shows a distinct and unmistakable perception of what pure art is. I do not know where Mr. Vedder studied, or under what masters; I can perceive the influence of the early Italian Renaissance in his thought, and of the best French painters in the color of the "Marsyas," and of the best English work in that of the "Old Madonna." In the "Sibyl" is a certain earnest timidity (or possibly weakness from want of knowledge and detail of forms) in the distances. In general spirit he more resembles Burne Jones than any other of the modern painters, but the resemblance

is in superficial qualities. Vedder's imagination is genuine, and reproduces to him his classical theme. Marsyas and the Sibyl are imaginative realities. The old woman sets her lips together as she hurries along, absorbed in her supernatural mission, determined that those thick-headed Romans *shall* feel the value of the shabby books she offered them—no prettiness, no graces, only an ugly old woman, very like a beggar or a gypsy or a miserly old drudge bent on having her full price for her mystic wares: no theatrical display of the preternatural, no grand robes, no ostentation of the impostor anxious to awe—only a very old, shabby, miserable hag, striding along in a terribly earnest way with her insignificant mystic rolls under her arm, and her mind set on something which will not out with many words. And as she goes along in her wrathful musing “the fire burns,” and the smoke of the destruction of the rejected rolls accompanies her to the presence of the incredulous Roman: there is the true imaginative vitality in the thing. The Marsyas, again, is not set to the conventional graces, not posing to the painter, but piping away with all the intentness of his mind, unconscious of everything but his art—as real a satyr as ever a Greek sculptured, felt by the painter as a living thing—believed in by the imagination, if not by the reason. And this is the genuine function of plastic imagination, and these are of its works; and in this, Vedder is in another order of painters from Burne Jones, whose work, with all its graces and facilities, all its subtle emulations of antique and mediæval simplicity, always lacks true vitality, is stamped as *pose plastique* and keeps still the fragrance of its borrowed source. His drawing is less severe, and his color less solid and luminous, in his oil pictures than Vedder's.

A better contrast between the truly imaginative reconstruction of an antique ideal and that mistaken retrospect which emulates archaeology in attempts to restore antiquity, could not be given than that between Vedder's work and the restorations of such painters as Bridgman in his “Funeral of a Mummy on the Nile,” full of power of a purely executive kind—*may be* full of archaeological knowledge—but which is, in all human probability, as unlike anything the Nile ever saw as modern carnival is unlike the saturnalia, but which, were it true in every detail, would not be art, but science. It is a matter of draperies and accessories, and is as far removed from imagination as from art. The interest in such pictures is not legitimate art interest, but belongs to the same category as that in Martin's cataclysmic spectacles, or Pompeian researches, or both combined—marred by the consciousness that their archaeological accuracy is more than doubtful, and that, if an ancient Egyptian were to see the picture of Mr. Bridgman, he might mistake it for an elaborate cartoon from *Punch* “taking off” his institutions. In archaeology imagination is out of place as much as archaeology is in art, and in artistic verity Rembrandt's Roman guard leading Christ to Calvary with blunderbusses on their shoulders is just as good as Gérôme's most elaborate restoration of the scene after the crucifixion. The former loses not a whit of its art-value from its anachronisms, any more than the latter gains by archaeological acumen. The true idealist in art seeks to avoid every element that fetters the sense of beauty, and hence to Titian, Correggio, to Michael Angelo and the Italian Renaissance, Greek idealism was a realm to which all pure minds were free, where time and space were shackles unknown, and where imagination was omnipotent master, flying or walking like the gods on the earth, but where, at the same time, the unimaginative painter, coming in with his crutches of archaeology and manacles of history, breaks the enchantment and dissipates the gracious shades, leaving only dry bones and wearisome pedantry. Vedder's modest venture into this sacred realm is justified. His work is too good as work, too elevated as conception, to win popularity; but to all who have gone over the bridge that leads from nature to art his Marsyas will not pipe in vain for their hearts' dancing, and time will widen its appreciation.

La Farge's “Paradise Valley” has but one grave fault—perhaps it carries the poverty of the subject to an excess. The theme is so barren that the art is on the strain to make it presentable, and it gives a color of affectation of indifference to his material—and all affectations are faults. But, this granted, the picture is to the landscape of the collection what Vedder's is to the figures. It is a meagre subject, but like the poorest corner of mother earth it is steeped in sunshine, and melts away into space and light and sea-mist inch by inch, like a picture of Théodore Rousseau's. The true secret of landscape painting is not in ranging Alps and Andes and exhausting unknown worlds—curiosity is, no more than archaeology, a motive of Art—but in finding for any given scene the treatment which harmonizes best with its character, and brings out what of beauty and interest there is in it. All the best landscapes of the greatest landscape painters have been actual scenes or recollections of scenes, and Turner

and Rousseau, the greatest masters of modern landscape painting, have shown their greatness in this trait—that within their limitations (and those of Rousseau were narrow) they divined how best to set off any phase of nature: the imagination caught the type and devised straightway the garb fittest for it. It may be premature to judge Mr. La Farge by one landscape, and I have never seen another, but this one seems to me to be quite in the vein of the noblest landscape art. Given a green valley, sloping in the gentlest and most unpicturesque monotony away from you, not an object to break the scarcely valleyed surface, not even a mass of rocks to help out the distance by little dodges of light and shade; no trees to break the monotony of the lines, nothing more incidental than a lamb in the sun, and beyond the high flat line of the shore a little strip of misty sea and just a band of sky—what better could be done with it than he has done? This “Paradise Valley” would be to any but a painter of true power and insight a Paradise lost: but La Farge has caught its type and tone, and built on them. Barren, bleak, nude it was: he will not even make up a foreground; it shall remain nude as he found it. Not a tree shall be lent to its distances, and the kindly sea that offers its surges is warned away to its distant vapors; not even the trooping kine shall humanize by reflection the solitude—a lamb will be enough to show that it is no upas-valley. The spring-green of the grass, scarcely broken with tint of grey, like a grey and green opal, the band of blue ocean, and the vaporous and uncertain sky shall tell the story alone. Light and space and breathing air fill the canvas from corner to corner—just fact enough to hold by, just view enough to build a great picture on, but earth, sea, and sky are all crowded into it. I said “perhaps” it carried poverty of the subject too far; I don't feel sure that, as an exception, a lesson, a show of his hand to his brother artists, it may not be better than if it had been richer, as Giotto's “O” was: for this very poverty shows the triumph of the art more luminously—only, such things should be the exception, not the rule. Nature has made differences in her scenes, and for us to ignore those degrees of the more or less beautiful is vanity or insensibility. Rousseau, as a whole, sinks below Turner just by this insensibility, for there was no vanity in him.

Perhaps La Farge's work and Vedder's “Sibyl” have for us another value—when it comes to be recognized—that they may show our public that the function of art is not to please ignorance or pander to shallow tastes. One can imagine an artist of genuine power defiantly throwing his art into the forms least calculated to please uncultivation, just to teach it that it is crude and ignorant and false, as all popular taste is, and probably always was and will be. Only the defiance may go too far and fail to educate or to gratify some who are qualified already.

The work that smells of the soil and could not be mistaken for anything but American is not abundant and is mostly very bad. Church, whose rendering of facts and power over detail are almost unrivalled amongst modern painters, has two pictures hung so high that no details can be seen; only one can see that his Parthenon is an absolutely unsurpassable record of what remains of the noblest building of antiquity, and as positions on the line are held by work which any good taste would have hung as much out of the sight as possible, one can only conclude that Mr. Church had an enemy on the hanging committee. Winslow Homer's “Cracking the Whip” is in its way clever and kindly, the memory of a forty-year exile from American boyhood; but it is not, in any great sense of the word, art, nor is J. B. Brown's “The Great Circus”—ingenious and striking though it be in its way, and that not a bad way, only an utterly unartistic one. As realistic work, a perfect kind of photography, street-boyhood taken instantaneously in one of its truest phases, it is scarcely to be excelled, but our art education is not begun till we understand that this kind of realization is not art, and that art is distinctly something which nature is not.

W. J. S.

Correspondence.

THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From the language of your journals it appears that the political revolution in Canada is viewed with not unnatural suspicion by the people of the United States as threatening to lead to a tariff war between the two countries.

A change of government here had become necessary on grounds connected with the general state of the administration, which determined

my vote and those of many others, irrespectively of the tariff question. But even with regard to the tariff question I am inclined to hope that, whatever the immediate result may be, the ultimate result will be favorable to the views of those who desire to see the two countries commercially drawn closer to each other.

Canada has been rendered thoroughly sensible by this controversy of the disadvantages of the present situation. As to the direction in which she may be led at first to seek for a remedy, there is, no doubt, some reason for misgiving. But she can hardly fail to be led ultimately to the conclusion that the only policy from which she can hope to derive a large increase of prosperity is one which will give her free access to the markets and other commercial advantages of the continent to which she belongs.

Only let the people of the United States do their part by showing themselves always ready to grant, not a partial and precarious measure of reciprocity, such as has already broken down, but a full and permanent measure of commercial union. In face of such an offer I doubt whether it would be possible for Canadian legislators even to enter on the less desirable course.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

MONTREAL, Sept. 27.

ABUSE OF TAXATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Brooks Adams resided in New York he might have added to his paper, in the last *Atlantic Monthly*, that very little of the money raised by municipal taxation is applied to the benefit or comfort of the taxpayer. Here is my experience: I own a small house on a side street, not very far from Fifth Avenue and below Thirty-fourth Street. The yearly tax is exactly one-quarter of the sum I could rent it for. The neighborhood is good. In order to get the street swept we pay one dollar and a half each per month, otherwise it would be cleaned twice a year. We pay two dollars a month to a German gentleman to carry off our ashes, etc., daily, as we are not willing to see ash-barrels and refuse-boxes decorating our sidewalk for indefinite periods. We pay twelve dollars a season, each, for watering the street, which would never be done by the city. And in order to sleep comfortably without fear of housebreakers we pay two dollars a month, each, to a private watchman. Twenty-five per cent. of my income is taken from me by the city. What do I get for it? I do not complain. As a good American I am amused by it. I expect more food for amusement hereafter, when one of my neighbors to whom I have lent a few thousands on his house pays me off in fiat money worth fifty, or probably ten, cents on the dollar he borrowed.

Yours,

I. W.

Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. have become the publishers of Mr. W. Robinson's 'Parks and Gardens of Paris,' of which we gave a rather full account in No. 238 of the *Nation*. It is now issued in its seventh thousand, a remarkable proof of the solid worth of so elegant a volume, which is equally adapted to give instruction in horticulture and landscape gardening, and to adorn the centre-table and amuse the leisure hour. —The applause which even in this country greeted Beaconsfield's tactics at Berlin and seizure of Cyprus showed how little the character of the man entered into the public judgment of his performances. For this reason Charles Scribner's Sons' American edition of the *Fortnightly's* 'Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield' deserves a wide circulation. It is issued in paper covers and sold at a low rate. —Paul Lacombe's 'Petite Histoire du Peuple Français,' a wonderfully terse and pregnant narrative, has been placed among their text-books by Henry Holt & Co. For the sake of young students notes have been added by an Oxford instructor, but the work remains one by which adults also will profit. —Mr. F. Leyboldt informs the public that the first volume of his 'American Catalogue' has been compiled and is now in the printer's hands. It embraces books in print and for sale July 1, 1876, entered chiefly under authors' names, but also under the title in the case of books best known in this way. The second volume will be a subject-index. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be had from the fact that it embraces the publications of more than nine hundred firms. But the difficulties which Mr. Leyboldt has had to overcome in his two and a half years of labor can only be surmised. His purpose is to supplement the Catalogue from time to time, and so keep abreast of the literature of the day. The

specimen pages show a very tasteful page in double columns with broad margins. The edition will be limited, and for subscribers only, at a charge of \$25 for the two volumes. The demand for it will come primarily from public libraries and booksellers, but many private persons should be glad to lend their support to so useful an enterprise. The manager of the Catalogue is Mr. L. E. Jones, 37 Park Row, N. Y. —We have received the first number of volume iv. of the *Összehasonlító Irodalomtörténeti Lapok*, a Magyar periodical rejoicing in a reduplicated title expressed in ten languages, *Comparative Literary Journal* being the English of it. The contents are equally polyglott, and even the motto is a Gallicized sentiment from Schiller. Prof. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, furnishes the English contribution to the present number. The place of publication is Klausenburg (Kolozsvár), in Transylvania. —An interesting announcement from France is that M. Jules Simon is about to bring out a work in two volumes called 'Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers.' Sampson Low & Co. will at the same time publish an English translation of it. —The death of Dr. August Petermann, editor of the *Mittheilungen*, and superintendent of Julius Perthes's Geographical Institute at Gotha, is one of the severer losses of the year. In knowledge of the history and progress of geographical science and in cartographic skill he had scarcely any rival but Dr. Kiepert, whom he surpassed in zeal for new discoveries, particularly those relating to the exploration of the North Pole, which he actively promoted. His name has appropriately been bestowed on a fjord of unknown extent on the northwest coast of Greenland. —The *Portfolio* for September (Bouton) includes one of the best-grasped effects in landscape it has ever published—a view in Edinburgh by Debaines after Lockhart—and another good etching, Petie's "Member of the Long Parliament," etched by Richeton. To make us prize these able works it juxtaposes a German etching from Steinle, with all the force of contrast. The literary matter is varied, that accompanying the German etching being so flat that we fortify ourselves with the consideration that Mr. Hamerton *must* some day have had to sit down and read it through, and the rest to the point. The *Portfolio* is still unconscious of the international exhibition now holding. —A library of theatrical biographies and English and foreign plays, extended with inlaid and interleaved matter of great value, will be sold by Messrs. Leavitt from the 14th inst. It is the collection of a manager and adapter of plays in this city, well known for his artistic setting of a favorite stage of the drawing-room order, and for his more recent misfortunes. The "extended" books, comprising, in one instance, nearly fifty portraits of Garrick, and, in another, forty of Pope, are numerous and quaint.

—The sale of Mr. A. J. Odell's library is to begin Nov. 18. Part I. of the Catalogue, prepared by G. P. Philes, has just been issued, a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, costing two dollars. It is a sumptuous work, both in the execution and the printing. When the American collector decides to sell his library, he is as regardless of expense in cataloguing as he is in collecting the books. Neither Libri nor the great Perkins sale, nor any other that we can recollect, was provided with a more showy sale catalogue. Foreign auction catalogues are rarely printed showily; and in our own country, although the Humphreys, Sparks, and Stevens catalogues in one style and the Rice, Field, and Green catalogues in another are handsome, nothing hitherto but the Medicott has displayed such typographical—shall we say?—extravagance. The titles are given *verbatim et literatim et majusculatim*; capitals, small capitals, italics, black-letter make the appearance of the page delightful to the titulo-maniac; and almost every work has a note with an interesting quotation or a valuable reference. Public libraries in general would not think of preparing such schedules of their books; but the one library in this city which is at once private, though it no longer belongs to one man, and public, though it is not yet accessible to the many, is to go far beyond this. In his examination before the committee of the Society of Arts Mr. Arber testified that Mr. Henry Stevens, to ensure absolute accuracy in the catalogue he is preparing for the Lenox Library, has the titles of all the books photographed, probably intending to give them according to the scheme which he explained in his paper before the London Conference of Librarians, on Photobibliography.

—As an instance of shabby cataloguing we must mention the three catalogues of the library, the autograph and the coin collections of the late Joseph J. Mickley, of Philadelphia, which are to be sold October 29–31 in that city. This is the more striking because the contents are out of the ordinary; the library being rich in historical works not often brought to auction, and in some even greater rarities, and the autographs being worth striving for, especially in American lines. A letter of Wash-

ington's written on the last Sunday of his life, and conjectured to be his latest autograph, is among these. As for the coins, Mr. Mickley was a veteran numismatist, and while the collection does not compare with the superb one sold by him some years ago, it is a very good one, with some fine United-States and foreign coins. Amongst the Washingtons we note the very rare Conradt medal. Some further explanation seems required as to the "United States steel dies, hubs," etc., which, if genuine, as they appear to be from the description, should be in the Mint vaults, and if not genuine, should be destroyed. It is a long time now since any really fine collection has been sold at auction. The transfer of the Brevoort collection a year or two ago to the superb Seavey-Parmelee collection (otherwise much strengthened of late) is the principal event of the last three years, which have been particularly barren from the coin collector's point of view. Several notable collections are offered for this winter, including one of American medals, believed to be the finest and fullest ever brought together.

—Collins Brothers, 414 Broadway, have done well to republish as a little tract such portions of the British Workman Public-house Co., Liverpool, as serve to show the economical and social character of this form of philanthropy. The cocoa-rooms, as they are called, are designed to be unostentatious competitors of the dram-shops, having the same freedom of access and the same general appearance (with the bar in front, for example), keeping the same hours, particularly in the early morning, and being at least as cheerful, neat, airy, and spacious as the best of the drinking-saloons. Cocoa, coffee, and tea, at a halfpenny a gill for the first two, and a penny a (gill) cup for the tea, are furnished hot, with bread and butter and cheese and cold pie, or, as in London, Bristol, and Leeds, soup, meat, and vegetables, at like reasonable prices. Men, women, and children are admitted, and the men are generally allowed to smoke and to play games; sometimes a separate room is provided for the women and for men whose wives accompany them. More or less openly an attempt is made to bring religious influences to bear on the frequenters of the rooms; evening meetings are occasionally held, and the employees set the example of signing the abstinence pledge. The Liverpool society kept open last February no less than twenty-nine houses, with accommodation for 3,500 men at a sitting. What is most noteworthy and most encouraging is that these establishments are conducted strictly on a business basis, and this year divided (in Liverpool) ten per cent., free of income-tax, on a capital of £20,000. Here is a useful and promising field for our social reformers.

—A correspondent writes us from Galveston, under date of September 17:

"I note your recent article in respect to the bad sanitary condition of the towns of Louisiana and Mississippi, so fearfully devastated by yellow fever. Permit me, as a resident of the Gulf district, to say that I think your comments, though partly based upon accurate data, are not strictly just, and leave impressions which a closer observation of the fever might remove. It is safe to say that the impression here is universal that the escape of the lower towns of Texas from the epidemic is due to the rather extraordinary excellence of the Galveston Board of Health, presided over by a surgeon of the first rank in the former trans-Mississippi department of the Confederacy; and especially that this result has been reached by the military exactness with which the orders of this board have been enforced in the maintenance of the most rigid *quarantine*, enforced without fear or favor, and sustained against much commercial clamor set up both at home and abroad."

—Mr. Christern sends us the first two *livraisons* of an important work just begun to be published in France, the 'Dictionnaire de Pédagogie et d'Instruction Primaire.' The editor, M. F. Buisson, is assisted by a long array of French scholars, specialists, and educators, who assure the high character of the undertaking. The Dictionary is divided into two parts, roughly to be classed as theoretical and practical, but an enumeration of some of the titles will best explain the distinction. In Part I. are grouped the biographical sketches of eminent teachers—*e. g.*, Aristotle (to whom also, for the events of his life and his philosophy, another article is devoted in Part II.) Here is given, under the respective departments of France, as Ain, Aisne, Allier, etc., the history of public instruction in each; and the same is true of countries, like Austria, whereas in Part II. their general history, physical geography, etc., are described, with reading and dictation lessons subjoined, and lists of works to be consulted. For the rest, we have titles like *abonnement*, school-fees; *abréviations*; *absences*, with an account of how they are dealt with in the different countries of Europe; *académies*, with a list of the principal memoirs in the 108 volumes of the *Compte rendu* of the *Séances et Travaux* de l'Académie de Sciences morales et politiques; *acclimatation*, both the Garden of and Society of; *adults*, schools for, the part relating to the

United States being longer than the entire article on this subject in Mr. Steiger's 'Cyclopædia of Education'; *affranchis*, wholly concerning the freedmen's schools in this country (but perhaps Mr. Alvord gets too much credit for being the "veritable organizer" of them, and certainly Gen. Howard lost not a leg but an arm in the war); *âge*, with a table of school-ages in each of the United States (wanting in Steiger under the same heading); *anecdotes*, their use, with examples; *Annales de l'Éducation*, with list of principal articles; *anti-Émile*, the two chief counter-blasts; *apiculture*; *apprentissage* (by G. Salicis); *aquarium*; *architecture* (by Viollet-le-Duc); *armée*, instruction in the service; *assemblées nationales*, their legislation on public instruction from the Constituant down; *associations*, in great number; *autorités*, system of educational authority in various countries.

—Part II. is truly the working teacher's assistant and *Conversations-lexikon*. The first article is *abdications*; then we have *abeille*, with figures and bibliographical hints; *âne*; *animaux—domestiques, nuisibles, utiles*; *acotylidons*; *absorption*; *acétique (acide)*; *acrotiches*; *acoustique*; *anatomie*—all the round of the sciences. Then come *accidents*, practical directions about the treatments of burns, etc.; *aliments*, with an analysis of foods; *annuités*, etc. Under *aérostats* we have a history of ballooning; under *aires*, the measurement of areas, with figures. *Accentuation* is elaborately discussed, and here, as in the case of *addition*, *adjectif*, etc., there are exercises for immediate use in the school-room. The French Academy has a place, and a list of the 40 of 1877 is given. Here is Algeria, with a map and *lectures et dictées*, including an anecdote of *père Bugeaud's* night-cap; Africa, with a map showing Stanley's Congo; the life of Alexander; the history of the Albigenses, narrated by Paul Lacombe, who suggests the misfortune of France in the failure of the Reformation, of which this was the first act, etc., etc. Remarkable also is the article on alcoholics, which contains tables showing the proportion of alcohol in fermented drinks, and others showing the consumption of pure alcohol in France in 1873, by departments, regions, and head. Naturally the northern region, and of it Seine-Inférieure, lead off; in drinking, the south is the most temperate. Where there is most alcohol drunk there is the least wine; and where the wine-culture diminishes, the consumption of alcohol increases. But, on the other hand, the more abundant cider is, the more brandy is drunk—"to help pass the cider." In this admirable twofold scheme we miss only articles on the chief languages. We cordially commend the Dictionary to all intelligent instructors, and bespeak a place for it in every school-library of the higher grade.

—Prof. Huxley delivered an interesting address at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He referred to the time when he was a young member, and the geological section was the scene of disturbance and the field of discussions regarded with great dread by many persons. He then went on to remark that just as in the world's history we find the centres of geological disturbance changing their position, so now we find that the centre of scientific agitation has transferred itself from geology to biology. Striking evidence of the increase in the amount of zoological work, at least, is offered by the multiplication of zoological publications within the last twelve years, and especially in Germany. Müller's *Archiv für Anatomie und Physiologie*, and Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Zoologie*, both publish now two volumes a year instead of one, as formerly. Within this time also there have begun to appear regularly Pflüger's *Archiv für Physiologie*, Schultze's *Archiv für mikroskopische Anatomie*, Gegenbaur's *Morphologisches Jahrbuch*, and Hoppe's *Zeitschrift für physiologische Chemie*. In France there are two new journals, one edited by Gervais, the other by Lacaze-Duthiers. In England, Foster's new *Journal of Physiology* is to be mentioned. It must be added that these new periodicals have not sprung up to replace old ones that have died, but that old and new both flourish. More than this, the learned societies also publish more zoological articles than formerly.

—Prof. Du Bois-Reymond's valuable address on "Civilization and Science" has been widely read through its translation in the *Popular Science Monthly*. We wish equal currency might be given to the reply to it by the historian Ottokar Lorenz, in the *Historische Zeitschrift* (in the third number of this year, vol. 39, p. 438), under the title "Die 'bürgerliche' und die naturwissenschaftliche Geschichte." There is in this article no disposition to disparage the service done to historical science by the study of the natural sciences; and it is recognized at the outset that there are departments of history in which natural science alone can labor faithfully. Nevertheless, if there are limitations upon the one side, there

are upon the other also, and it must be confessed that Du Bois-Reymond has not always kept himself within the limits of his own field. In general it is easy to show that the aspect of the naturalist is narrow and insufficient: the principal part of the article is, however, taken up with matters of detail. Probably all who have read the address have felt how inadequate—almost ludicrously so—is the explanation given of the downfall of the ancient world, namely, the lack of firearms, or, at bottom, a deficiency in the technical power over nature. Lorenz points out, what we know well enough from our Modoc and Seminole wars, that these superior arms are not long in finding their way to the savages, and that Odoacer would have overthrown the Roman Empire all the earlier if there had been better weapons within his reach. The moral causes of this great catastrophe Du Bois-Reymond does not seem to notice. Again, where he describes the lamps “that no scullery-girl would tolerate nowadays,” but by the light of which “Caesar wrote his ‘Commentaries,’ Cicero rounded his periods, and Horace gave the last polish to his ‘Odes,’” the reader cannot help asking whether these are not after all a higher production of civilization than kerosene lamps or gas. Lorenz, however, answers pertinently that there is proved here a low degree of *Technik* in regard to the laws of flame; but how in regard to the working in the metals of which the lamp is made? His remarks upon the connection of monotheism with scientific progress occupy a good part of the article and are well worth reading.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.—II.*

NO one can read the story of the preparation for the struggle at Shiloh without great sympathy with Sidney Johnston's own emotions. His candid self-judgment found much that was just in the popular wrath which followed him in the South for his retreat from Kentucky. He did not quarrel with the test of success which was applied to him, but we are impressed with the feeling that his was not the cheerful courage of a man confident in his own capacity to master events and to overmaster the genius of his opponents. The moral prestige was not with him, and he felt it. He had not the hardihood of great courage brought to bay, and striking lion-like at its adversary without thinking of odds. His conversation and his conduct alike show that, though his judgment and the imperative public opinion dictated that he should fight, he was not grasping his army and his subordinates with that impressive will which shows the true commander. The very things that were lovable in him as a man detracted from his power as a soldier. It was no time for modest deferences to others, but for a proper egotism which should rule every subordinate by the exhibition of faith in his own power. Yet he hesitated to assume such a part, and not only deferred to Beauregard in all matters of detail, even to the sketching of the order of battle when battle was determined upon, but went so far as to offer him the actual command on the field in a scene which the latter describes as “one of the most affecting of my life” (p. 549). Johnston's friends and staff heard of this, and protested with earnestness that such a course would close his career as a general. Their language, whilst it shows their faith in his abilities of intellect, is strong implied evidence of their feeling that he lacked the dominant and energetic will necessary to a great commander. At the last moment, when the two armies were almost in contact, Beauregard lost faith in the movement and advised retreat. Johnston felt that he must fight, and adhered to his orders that battle should be given, but we do not find in the report of the discussion of the matter that clear perception of the necessity to fight Grant before Buell could join him, which was the only solid reason for the battle. We should have expected it to be brought forward by him as a crushing answer to Beauregard's proposition, and to be used to make each corps commander feel that instead of holding back they should be eager for the fray. That there should have been any meeting resembling a council of war, which “never fights,” is an indication that the officers were not feeling the “grip” of their commander's resolution upon them as they should have done.

The order of battle as sketched by Beauregard and accepted by Johnston was fatally faulty. It might have done well enough in an open prairie, but for the tangled wilderness of an American forest it was absurd. It consisted of three separate lines, one corps to each line, and each under a separate commander. That they should run over each other and get inextricably entangled on a field where manœuvring tactics of any kind but the simplest were out of the question, was a matter of

course. Johnston does not seem to have criticised the plan, but to have accepted it as it was proposed. He was in fault also in giving Beauregard no responsible command on the field. The nominal position of second in command is odious to every real soldier. It breeds cavilling and distrust. An army wants but a single head with a competent staff, who, if the commander falls, can promptly notify the second in rank, and assist him with full knowledge of the whole situation. Beauregard appears to have taken no part in the first day's contest, but to have been in his ambulance at the rear in ill health. He consequently knew little of what was going on, and was poorly prepared to assume command when Johnston died.

Looking carefully at the whole narrative, then, it appears that Johnston has the merit of having determined at Corinth to move out against Grant, and on the day of the battle of deciding against the proposals for delay. The tactical arrangements he seems to have left to his subordinate. Once on the field, by common consent, his bearing was admirable. Cool, cheerful, active, he was constantly in the heat of the fire, exposing himself without stint. The faults of the order of battle were such that at an early hour all ordinary organization of corps and divisions was lost, and the scene becomes a rather confused one, in which the only idea visible is that of pushing forward brigades, and even single regiments, as the line met with obstructions in its advance. We look in vain for any systematic grouping of the parts each played. We do not find the commander-in-chief receiving reports from his corps commanders and moulding the whole movement by his own guidance and judgment. There is an impetuous forward rush, and, so far as concerned brigade commanders at least, “every man for himself.” Johnston himself, starting in upon his left when the movement began, gradually moved over to the right, encouraging those he met, and setting a fine example of personal courage. Beauregard sends from the rear to know where Breckinridge's reserves shall be sent in. Johnston indicates the left, but takes care to say that it is not an order, and Beauregard must use his own judgment. This illustrates the statement we have made, that he did not feel that he was himself the centre of information and the source of positive and definite decision as to all such movements. If the commander-in-chief does not decide when and where his reserves are to be put in action, we may ask in vain what his functions are. He died, however, as a hero, and so honor at least was safe.

It is bootless to argue whether, had he lived, the result of the battle would have been changed. Equally useless is it to hammer again the well-beaten discussion whether Grant was surprised. The latter tells us he did not expect an attack, but that the usual means of information of the enemy's movements were as fully used as is practicable for any army without its “eyes,” as the cavalry is pithily called; for he was all but destitute of that arm of the service. This is the exact truth, and critics may choose the word to express it as suits them.

The book abounds with interesting incidents, showing traits of character in the subject of the memoir that are most attractive, often charming. They prove him a father whom his family might well worship, and a friend who would never flinch or fail one. The story is one which may be wholesome reading for any youth, exhibiting a character which, whether it met with and commanded the greatest success or not, was always true to itself, dignified, uncomplaining, not shifting responsibility for its misfortunes upon others, but nobly bearing its own burdens, and scornful to be a supplicant for favor to any one. Leaving out of view the question of his duty to the Union, whose officer he was, it is the story of a very noble life. His friendship with Jefferson Davis began at the Military Academy and continued without interruption to the day of his death, the President of the Confederacy being one of those whose faith in him never faltered. Had he lived, whatever might have been the result of the struggle at Pittsburg Landing, he would have continued a conspicuous figure in the war. His experience would have taught him much, as it taught his friend and comrade, Lee; and with the same basis of character and intellect, like Lee, he might have grown in military judgment and in confidence in himself as a commander, and perhaps realized the expectations of those who knew him closest.

In those parts of the book in which the writer expresses his own opinions upon history, we see evidence that it is still too early for any man who was a “Confederate” to judge the events of the war without prejudice, though Colonel Johnston has evidently taken pains to avoid extravagance of expression. He fails to see in the origin of the struggle anything more than the fanaticism of abolitionists, who had no respect for the Constitution of the country. He fails to see that the American phase of the anti-slavery movement was only part of the general conflict

* “The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston, embracing his Services in the Armies of the United States, the Republic of Texas, and the Confederate States. By William Preston Johnston.” New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 755.

of nineteenth-century civilization with a system that was not only wrong but an anachronism. He fails to recognize, what we think Southern statesmen saw full well, that the determination to restrict slavery to its existing limits was strictly Constitutional, and that they precipitated secession because they also saw clearly that such Constitutional restriction would end in the destruction of the system itself by natural causes, and with no further legislative interference by the general Government. The criticism of the war-measures of the national Government is of a piece with this. He denounces the refusal to recognize Kentucky as a neutral, independent power without seeing that no such neutrality was possible, or that its recognition involved that also of the right of complete secession as well as of neutral independence; but this denunciation is made ridiculous by the admission that this pretended neutrality was only regarded by the Confederates as a temporary barrier behind which Sidney Johnston might organize his army; that it "served well enough as a breakwater" (p. 307) while it lasted, and that it was broken at last by Polk's invasion with a hostile army!

No book issued from the Confederate side has more persistently kept up the false argument based upon garbled returns of opposing armies. The largest figures of both present and absent which can anywhere be found are those given as the total of the Union forces, whilst vague and generally uncorroborated estimates of those in line of battle, all sick men, details and other absentees deducted, is given as the total of the Confederates. The bulletins of defeated officers are in substance reproduced as the sifted estimates of the strength of armies! However this may cater to the remnants of a false pride which cannot endure the thought of being beaten by a force of less than three or four to one, it takes from the work all real historical value in these particulars, as is shown by the contrast when historians of another nationality, like the Comte de Paris, have occasion to pass upon the same evidence. When Johnston retreats from Bowling Green to Nashville without fighting, the mere march of three or four days is stated as a reason for the diminution in his effective force of nearly thirty per cent. by disease alone; but the armies of Grant and Buell always figure untouched by such causes, and ready to fight with full rosters, according to the returns of the Adjutant-General's office at Washington.

The closing chapters of the book are filled with eulogies upon the deceased general pronounced in legislative halls, and with extracts from newspapers extolling his merits and denouncing the military officers in the Southwest who, in 1866, thought it necessary to forbid such public demonstrations as were then planned, when after four years' burial in New Orleans his body was removed to Austin. There is no room for doubt that the pageant was intended for political or other effect foreign to any supposed necessity for a removal of the remains. We see no evidence offered that his family conceived the plan or desired it. It was a public matter, and the purpose, if any, was public on the part of the Texan legislature and officials. Whilst, therefore, it was a mistake to interfere with it, and the zeal of our officers may not have been limited by the soundest discretion, we think it bad taste to revive all the sensational particulars of the transfer and re-burial, and especially to unite denunciation of the officers who acted in the matter with allusions to the pains taken by the people of Galveston to give negative evidence of their satisfaction when one of them died amongst them of yellow fever.

These, and many other things scattered through the volume, give it its tone, and show that the writer not only holds, theoretically, to the original justice of the 'Lost Cause' and the total depravity of those who conducted the national affairs, but has not yet succeeded in ridding himself of the animosities which seek opportunities to belittle and sneer at those who were prominent on the successful side. On one side only does there appear to be patriotism or devotion to principle or country; on the other he sees only "the hireling sword" and action upon "precedents drawn from Cossack rule." We regret this more for the sake of the Southern people themselves than from any apprehension that it will affect the judgment of any impartial reader of history. There is no conceivable condition of things in which the buried issues can be revived again. The only result of such tone in discussion is to cultivate among the young men of the South the narrowness which is the essence of provincialism, and to retard their acceptance of that hearty good neighborhood with all their countrymen which is necessary to encourage an immigration on which they must depend for their growth and the development of the resources of the Southern States. We confess to some disappointment in finding that the more prominent of their teachers are so slow in learning this lesson.

Lights of the Old English Stage. [New Handy-Volume Series.] (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.)—The contents of this volume are mainly a reproduction of a series of articles which appeared in *Temple Bar*, and can hardly be said to consist of much that is original. They make, however, agreeable reading of a light sort, and are full of entertaining anecdotes of the English stage from the time of Shakspeare to that of Charles Young and Mrs. Jordan. Of course many of the chapters are made up out of well-known books, as, for instance, that on Young, the source of which is the delightful volume of memoirs published by his son, the Rev. Julian Young. There is not much discussion of what may be called the theatrical problems of the period—the "star" system, "realism," and so on. For these any one who is interested in the theatre must look elsewhere; but the book is replete with anecdotes and reminiscences which raise all sorts of interesting questions. Nothing, for example, is so striking in a modern theatre as the lack of any positive evidence of any critical appreciation of acting as a fine art. The same people come away from seeing Coghlan, and let us say, the Fechter of ten years ago, with a general impression that it is "splendid," though nothing is more certain than if the acting of either in melodrama be good, that of the other is not so; for they represent totally opposite schools. In England, according to Mr. G. H. Lewes, the state of affairs is just as bad, and, according to him, the explanation is that we are a race of Philistines, and do not know good acting from bad. But the curious part of the matter is that there was a period when the Anglo-Saxon race showed the keenest critical appreciation of theatrical art; when it may be said to have been keener in England than it now is in France. To give a few instances taken at random from the volume before us. When Mrs. Siddons first appeared in *Lady Macbeth* she decided in the sleep-walking scene to place the taper on the table on entering, instead of carrying it (as had previously been the custom), in order to go through the pantomime of washing her hands. The innovation was so startling that Sheridan opposed it, declaring that the audience would not stand it; that it would damn the whole performance. She insisted, and when the taper was laid down a "sensation went through the house." Mrs. Siddons's wonderful acting triumphed; but the difference with Sheridan and the "sensation" reveal a delicacy of theatrical feeling in the audience and a thorough familiarity with the "business" of the part which seem now (when almost every new Shaksperian actor introduces new "business" of some kind) almost incredible.

Again, it appears to have been the custom at this time, and for a long period, for rival actors to appear on the same stage, to contest the public favor with each other, as in the case of Peg Woffington and Mrs. Bellamy in the "Rival Queens"—a contest with which all readers of Charles Reade are familiar; so, on the appearance of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crawford enters the lists against her young rival at Covent Garden, and "numbers of old play-goers flocked thither to renew old impressions and confirm doubtful judgments." The new school triumphed, and Mrs. Crawford was obliged to abandon the field. A sort of uprising against Charles Macklin ended in his peremptory discharge by Colman on the *viva-voce* order of the audience. On another occasion we find the performance almost ending in a riot because the audience finds that an old play has been palmed off upon them as a new one. It is quite certain that the change from the rudeness of the old manners of the pit to the decorum which prevails in a modern theatre has been accompanied by a change in the character of the audience from an assemblage of play-goers, guided by critics thoroughly familiar with the history and laws of the drama, and coming for the express purpose of enjoying and applauding nice points and detecting flaws, to a "fortuitous concourse" of persons who barely know the difference between melodrama and tragedy, and who almost always mistake the sensational pleasure derived from skilful stage-effects for that which is produced by true dramatic art. We must not confound the "realism," so called, which insists on "real dirt" for Hamlet's grave, or delights in close imitation of nature where close imitation only results in making the unnaturalness of everything more glaring, with aesthetic discrimination. The two things have little or nothing to do with one another. Of course the change from the violence and riot of the old-fashioned pit to the order which prevails nowadays is a gain, and it might be suggested that the critical and discriminating function discharged in the old days by the audience has devolved upon the press. But as a matter of fact it has not. The criticisms of the press in England and America exercise no appreciable influence upon the course of the development of the drama; and we are, in fine, forced to the conclusion that a radical change has taken place in the character of Anglo-Saxon audiences, a loss

of dramatic appreciation and taste. On the one hand, this is for any lover of the theatre a depressing fact; on the other, the recollection of what the English theatre has been in the past may give us grounds for hoping for a revival in the future.

To the Arctic Regions and Back in Six Weeks. Being a Summer Tour to Lapland and Norway. With Notes on Sport and Natural History. By Capt. Alex. W. M. Clark Kennedy, F.R.G.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., etc. Map and numerous illustrations. (London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.)—Ever since the appearance of Lord Dufferin's 'Letters from High Latitudes' holiday trips to the Scandinavian Peninsula and farther north have been growing more and more common, and the literature of Scandinavian travel has of course kept pace with the travel itself. Still, to the great majority of "globe-trotters" an Arctic trip of six weeks is a novel one, and we have examined Captain Kennedy's volume with some interest to see with what ease it may be accomplished. It must be confessed that it is only by courtesy that the journey described here can be called Arctic. The northernmost point was Tromsø, which lies to the south of 70° north latitude. Here we are in the region of the midnight sun, but not of perpetual ice. Still, it is within the Arctic circle and very much farther north than any one ordinarily goes, and for the pleasure of travelling, particularly if accompanied by a lady, as Captain Kennedy was, is probably quite far enough. The route gone over embraces Christiansand, Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem, the Lofoden Islands, cariole-driving across country, and, last not least, Lapland. The account given of the trip is simple and unpretending, and contains a great deal of information likely to be valuable to travellers, sportsmen, and naturalists. There is no attempt at fine writing, though the pages devoted to the Laps and the reindeer are really interesting. This part of the tour is given in great detail. The Laps were found without great difficulty on the island of Kvalø, off Tromsø, the trip being made in an open boat. Later in the season they are to be found in a valley called the Tromsødal, on the opposite side of the Tromsø fjord. Captain Kennedy and his wife were hospitably received, and found that the inroads of civilization had not as yet had much effect on their hosts, who displayed a genuine savage delight in some mock jewelry which they had brought with them. This satisfaction seems, however, to have been chiefly displayed by the women, the men evincing discontent with the pocket-mirrors brought for them, and demanding money. The life of these Laps appears to be carried on on a communistic basis, to judge at least from the description given of the family dinner, which Captain Kennedy witnessed. The meal was cooked in a large iron caldron, and each member of the family took what may perhaps best be called "pot-luck."

"At a given signal, every one stood up round the steaming caldron, and at once thrust the pieces of meat, which must have been absolutely at boiling heat, into their mouths with their spoons. Men, women, children, and servants all attend these 'feeds' at one and the same time; and there appears to be no distinction drawn between masters and servants, excepting that, we are told, when it happens that a Lap serving in the capacity of a domestic extracts an especially fat and savory piece of venison from the public 'pot,' the custom is for him at once to hand the tidbit to his superior, who seldom is sufficiently bashful to decline it."

The Laps are described as very dirty, very healthy, very drunken, and very religious, though their congregational practice differs from that in vogue anywhere else, as it includes the custom of expressing their disapproval of the clergyman's ideas or manner of expounding them by shuffling their feet on the floor and loudly groaning in concert. The life of the Laplanders being made up of wanderings from place to place to obtain food for their deer, it might be expected that the only form of wealth known to them would be found to consist of these animals. No other sort of property is mentioned by Captain Kennedy, and he refers to one opulent native said to be the possessor of ten thousand deer, which, as he says, sounds like an exaggerated statement, though it should be noticed that the amount of milk produced by the reindeer is very small, three hundred being stated as the number of deer required for the support of a family of six persons. Notwithstanding the dependence of the Laplanders upon these animals for almost all the necessities of life, the relations between the "tame" deer and their owners are not always amicable, for in driving it not unfrequently happens, according to Captain Kennedy, that the creature will suddenly turn around and attack its master in a very savage manner.

"Under these circumstances the master has need of the utmost dexterity in jumping out of his sledge, which he at once turns upside down, and, covering himself with his 'carriage,' remains *caché* until the deer has tired itself in butting the sledge with its horns, which have the points

taken off, so that little harm ensues. The attack over, out creeps the little Laplander, rights his conveyance, and proceeds once more merrily on his journey."

An appendix contains a summary of expenses of the trip, from which it appears that for a period of six weeks—from June 9 to July 16—from London to Tromsø and back again (five thousand miles, following the windings of the Norwegian coast), the total outlay for Captain Kennedy and his wife was £82 6s. 7d., or, in round numbers, four hundred dollars. This included "first-class tickets on the steamers and in the trains," the "best rooms in hotels," and "good food and very fair wine." This may be said to be the most inexpensive civilized travelling of which we have any record, and constitutes of itself a strong additional inducement to Arctic wanderings.

Histoire de la Marine Française pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance Américaine. Par E. Chevalier, Capitaine de Vaisseau. (New York: F. W. Christern. 1877.)—This book is a carefully-prepared history of the French Navy during the period of the American Revolution. The materials are drawn from official sources, and the style is modest and clear. The introduction gives a short history of French naval affairs from the reign of Louis XIII. to the peace of Paris, and the first book begins with a short account of the events in America which led to the Declaration of Independence and the alliance with France. The fourteen books which follow bring the history to the close of the war.

The repeated successes of England in the great struggles for the supremacy of the seas have led to a pretty wide-spread notion among English-reading people that the French have little claim to greatness as a maritime nation. M. Chevalier's book shows that England had no contemptible enemy. An incident taken almost at hazard shows the spirit with which the war was carried on. The French Admiral Lamotte-Piquet, lying in Fort Royal Bay with three ships of the line, refitting, his sails unbent, his ammunition on shore, and many of his men in hospital, discovered in the offing a fleet of twenty-six French merchantmen under convoy of one frigate, the *Aurore*, chased by fourteen British sail of the line of the fleet of Admiral Parker.

"Notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, Lamotte-Piquet did not choose to be present as a simple spectator at the capture of our ships. The signal to attack rose to the mast-head of the *Annibal*. Preparations for getting under way were made with an activity and ardor which the sight of the squadron of Admiral Parker served to stimulate. Sailors taken from the merchant ships in port made up the crews. When the *Annibal*, which was the first ship under way, arrived within cannon-shot of the English, the *Aurore* was defending herself with the greatest energy. Shortly afterwards the *Vengeur* and the *Réfléchi* appeared on the scene of action. The French frigate retired under short sail covering her convoy when Lamotte-Piquet arrived. Night put an end to this unequal contest, during which three French ships had fought the greater part of Admiral Parker's fleet."

The author may be pardoned for not dwelling with minuteness on the actions with Rodney of April 17, 1780, and April 9 and 12, 1782. The discussions of those engagements are apologetic and explanatory, and the decisions of the court-martial which followed the latter are given at length.

The book presents many points of interest to an American reader. In it we read of numerous acts of enterprise and daring which find no place in an English history, and we learn to appreciate how much we really owed to the French alliance for the success of the war. It is not, however, for Americans that the book is written. It calls attention to a time when France had recovered rapidly from the effects of a disastrous war, even as she is now recovering. The first words of the preface give the spirit of the book: "The war of American Independence is one of the most glorious epochs of our history. By its results France was enabled to efface the humiliating treaty imposed upon her by England in 1763." In fifteen years after that treaty, which left France without a navy, with the same recuperative energy she is now displaying she was again in a position to cope with England at sea.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Azorg (Rev. J.), Manual of Universal Church History, 3 vols.	(Robert Clarke & Co.) \$15 00
Barkley (H. C.), My Boyhood: a Child's Story.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 50
Boston Illustrated, swd.	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 35
Brooks (Rev. J.), Sermons.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 75
Brown (Rev. J.), Life of John Eadie, D.D.	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 25
De Rialle (G.), La Mythologie Comparée.	(F. W. Christern)
Fields (J. T.) and Whipple (E. P.), Family Library of British Poetry.	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 6 50
Gibbon (C.), Life of George Combe, 2 vols.	(Macmillan & Co.) 8 00
Rogers (May), The Waverley Dictionary.	(S. C. Griggs & Co.) 2 00
Scudder (H. E.), The Bodleys on Wheels.	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Sherwood (Mary N.), The Little Good-for-Nothing.	(Estes & Lauriat) 1 50
Sleight (Mary B.), Prairie Days: a Child's Story.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.) 1 50
Van Dyck.	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 50
Warren (S. E.), Commercial Free-hand Drawing.	(John Wiley & Sons) 1 00

